



®

SPAWN®

image

2
JUN

DIGITAL
EDITION



McFARLANE
92
STEADY

SIMMONS

image

COMICS PRESENTS:

"QUESTIONS"

PART 2



story, pencils & inks
TODD McFARLANE

letters
TOM ORZECOWSKI

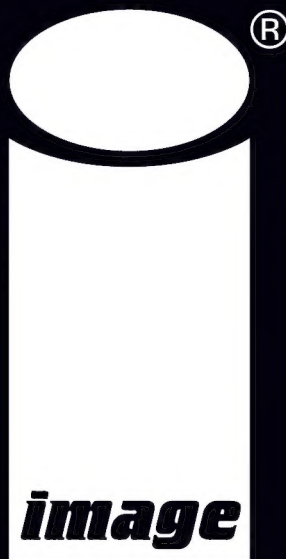
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Dedicated to:
STEVE DITKO

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Cover painting by **Ken Steacy** over **Todd McFarlane** art.



-- AND THEN
I'LL TELL HIM--
IF HE BEGS ME
REALLY, **REALLY**,
NICE LIKE, I MIGHT
ONLY AMPUTATE
ONE LEG.

BUT!

IF HE
PUTS
UP A
FIGHT...

... I'M GONNA
HAFTA RIP HIS
INNARDS OUT,
MAKE FILLETS OUTTA
HIS **LUNGS**, MAKE A
MILK SHAKE OUTTA
HIS **HEART**,
AND SOFT-BOIL HIS
EYEBALLS,
'CAUSE...

...I'M THE
VIOLATOR!



meow.



IMPRESSIVE.
I KNOW.



BUT, WHEN YOU'RE STRIKING FEAR INTO THE HEARTS OF OTHERS, A LITTLE **BRAVADO** GOES A LONG WAY.

BESIDES, IT SEEMS TO **WORK** IN COMICS.

ANYWAYS, IT'LL FINALLY COME DOWN TO THAT BIG, LONG, DRAWN-OUT **BATTLE**.

BUT!

JUST WHEN I'M ABOUT TO PULL HIS SPINE THROUGH HIS NOSE--

--I'LL STOP!

-- TELL 'IM I COULD KILL 'IM SIXTY-FIVE DIFFERENT WAYS... BUT I'M NOT ALLOWED TO... !



HE'LL START TO **BEG** ME. AND I'LL SPIT IN HIS **FACE**. THEN HE'LL **CRY**. AT WHICH TIME I'LL KICK HIS **TEETH** IN!

AND WHEN HE THINKS IT CAN'T GET ANY WORSE... I'LL **PULVERIZE** IM! INTO A LITTLE ITTY BITTY CUBE AND **SUCK** 'IM LIKE A LIFESAVER !

HAHAHAHAHA



I GOTTA TELL YA, MR. PUSSY, I'M HAVING **FAR** TOO MUCH FUN.

THE **BOSS** WILL BE **TOTALLY** IMPRESSED.

HELL! I'M **TOTALLY** IMPRESSED!



OH! I **LOVE** BEING ME!!

AND I'D HATE TO BE **HIM** TONIGHT!

"I'D HATE TO BE
SPAWN!"

MY WIFE.


I'VE GOT TO FIND HER...
LET HER KNOW I'M BACK,
I'M ALIVE. PEOPLE THINK
I DIED FIVE YEARS AGO.
WHAT'S SHE GOING
TO THINK?

NOT GOING TO
MATTER MUCH IF I
CAN'T FIND HER.

DON'T KNOW
WHERE WE LIVED.
OR WHERE WE
WORKED.

THIS WHOLE THING IS COMPLETELY NUTS.
I'M FLOATING IN LIMBO ONE SECOND, THEN,
BANG!-- HERE I AM. ALIVE! OR SO
IT SEEMS. BUT OTHER THAN HER, ALL
I REMEMBER IS MAKING A DEAL...

...ONE THAT
INCLUDED
MY SOUL.



DON'T KNOW HOW IT WAS
DONE. AT LEAST I KNOW
WHY. IT WAS FOR HER.

GOD, I WISH I COULD
REMEMBER HER NAME.

FOR TWO DAYS I'VE BEEN TRYING
TO MAKE SOME SENSE OF THIS.
NO NAME. NO MONEY. NO HOME.

SO I HID...

...HOPING THIS
WAS ALL JUST
A DREAM.
IT'S NOT.

WHATEVER DEAL WAS
MADE, I GOT SCREWED!

HE'S PLAYING WITH MY
MEMORIES, GIVING ME
BITS AND PIECES AT HIS
LEISURE. IT'S ALL SOME
SICK GAME TO HIM. AND
I FELL RIGHT INTO
HIS TRAP.

HE GAVE ME POWER.
LIFE. BUT IT COST
ME MY SOUL, MY
IDENTITY. THE SCUM
EVEN STOLE MY FACE.

I DON'T
EVEN THINK
I'M HUMAN
ANYMORE.

SO WHY
WOULD MY WIFE
WANT ME
AGAIN?



CAN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT NOW. I NEED HER! THAT'S WHAT MATTERS.

IT'S ALL I HAVE.

THIS COSTUME FEELS MORE COMFORTABLE THAN MY REAL SKIN. WHAT'S LEFT OF IT.

THIS NEW LOOK SEEMED TO WORK AGAINST THOSE RAPISTS THE OTHER NIGHT, THOUGH.

I LET MY INSTINCTS CARRY ME THROUGH THAT. WONDER IF THAT LADY'S ALRIGHT? I JUST ABOUT SCARED HER TO DEATH, 'TIL I FREAKED!

THE MEMORIES KEEP HITTING ME LIKE A FREIGHT TRAIN. THAT COULD BE TROUBLE.

IF THAT HAPPENS WHEN I'M...
uh?

MAYBE THIS CHURCH IS A CLUE. IT'S THE SECOND TIME I'VE BEEN DRAWN TO THIS PLACE.

WHAT'S THAT GUY DOING, WAVING? RATHER ODD LITTLE MAN. NOW WHAT?

HE'S DISAPPEARED INTO THE SHADOWS. STRANGE.

LATER, AT THE
DAWNCORP
BUILDING...

OR SO THEY THINK.

GOD
ALMIGHTY!
WHAT ARE
YOU?!!

NO! NO!

STAY
BACK!

I'LL
KILL
YOU!

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

SWEET
MOTHER
OF
MERCY.

IT WAS BUILT IN
RECORD TIME,
AND EVEN CAME
IN UNDER
BUDGET, WHILE
BEING FITTED
WITH THE LATEST
TECHNOLOGY...
ESPECIALLY ITS
SECURITY SYSTEM.
"UNBEATABLE,"
THEY SAID.
"IMPENETRABLE."

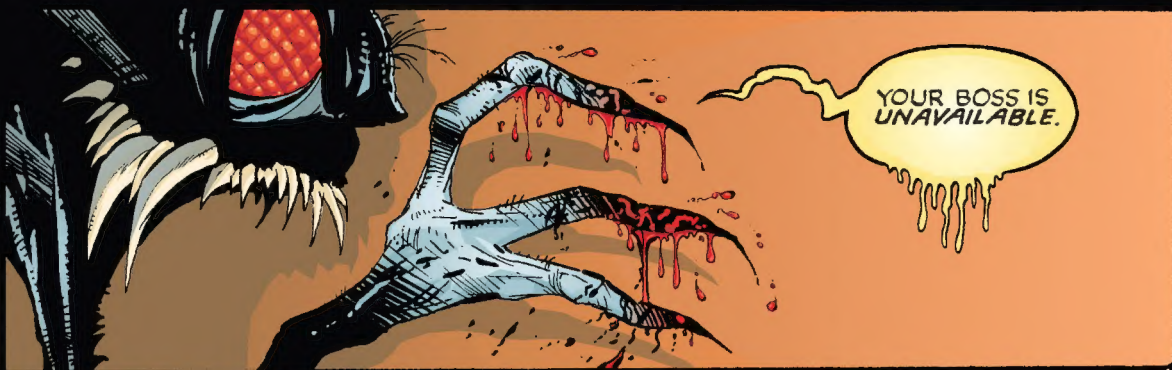
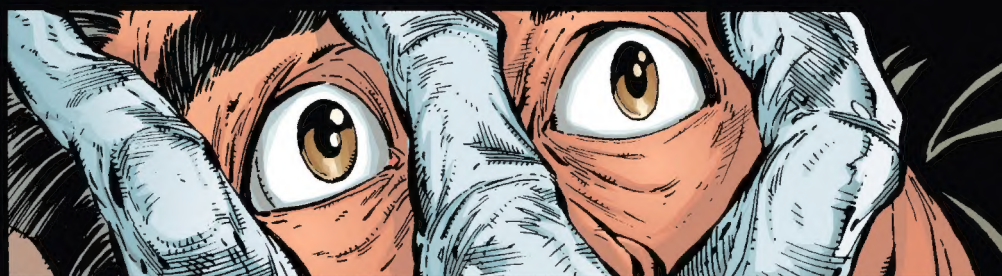
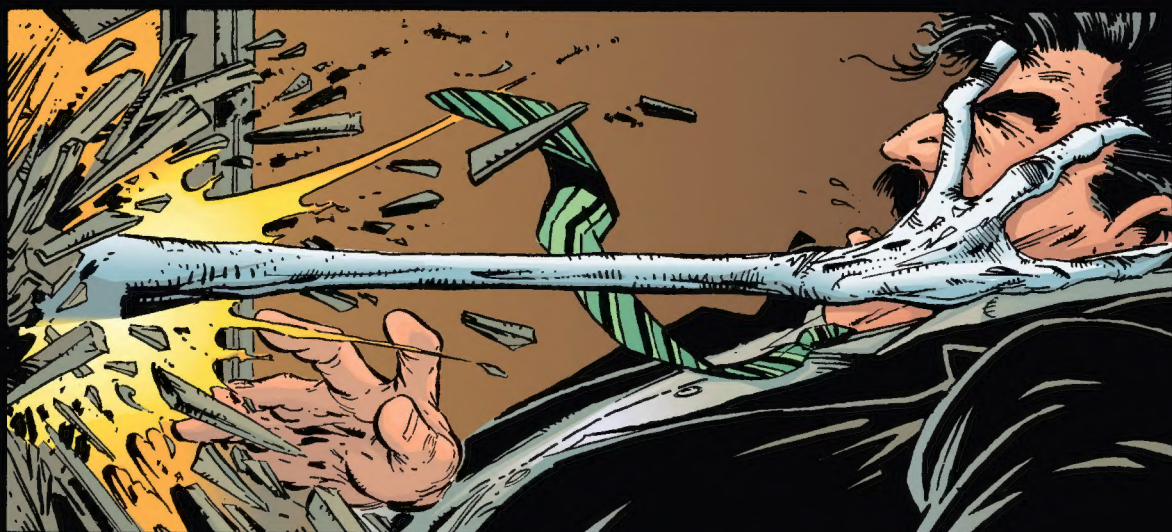
NOW, NEW YORK
CITY'S ORGANIZED
CRIME COULD
BE SAFE.

GNNAAAAA

HOLD ON,
BOSS! I'M
COMING!

WAM
WAM

OPEN
UP!
BOSS,
OPEN
THE
DOOR!





NITE-NITE, BOYS.



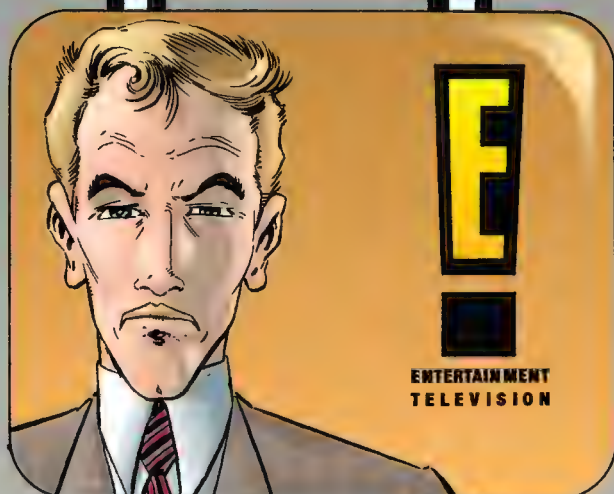
WELL, WELL, WELL. IT BREAKS MY HEART TO REPORT ANOTHER COUPLE OF MAFIA KILLINGS. IT LOOKS LIKE OUR BOY THE "HEART SURGEON" IS AT IT AGAIN. THOUGH THE POLICE HAVEN'T CONFIRMED ANY CONNECTION TO THE **OTHER** DEATHS, ONLY THOSE OF US WHO ARE BRAIN-DEAD CAN'T FIGURE **THIS** ONE OUT.

THE POLICE ALSO REPORT THAT THEY'VE DOUBLED THE TASK FORCE INVESTIGATING THESE VEG-O-MATIC KILLINGS. MY ONLY QUESTION:

WHY?!! LAST TIME I CHECKED, **ALL** SIX OF THEM WERE 'LEG-BREAKERS'.

WHAT'S TO INVESTIGATE? AM I THE ONLY ONE ASKING THIS QUESTION?

I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA-- LET ME HELP DIG THE GRAVES.



AS I'VE STATED BEFORE, RUMORS ARE THE UGLY SIDE OF SHOW BIZ.

THE YOUNGBLOODS, CHANGING THEIR COSTUMES FOR ONE UNIFIED LOOK? **C'MON**, IT'S THE MYRIAD COLORS AND ENSEMBLES THAT **TOOK** THEM TO THE TOP, **WHY** IN HEAVEN'S NAME WOULD THEY WANT TO ALIENATE THEIR FANS **NOW**?

SEX APPEAL HAS **ALWAYS** BEEN A BIG PRIORITY TO THE MARKETING GENIUSES BEHIND OUR HEROES IN TIGHTS. 'BLOOD MERCHANDISE IS OVER THE \$2.2 **BILLION** MARK **ALREADY**. I JUST **KNEW** THERE'D BE A DAY THEY'D TOPPLE THOSE PIZZA-EATING TURTLES.

AND **SPEAKING** OF GREEN GUYS, CHICAGO IS REPORTING THE APPEARANCE OF A **DRAGON**, FIN AND **ALL**. NOW WOULDN'T **THAT** MAKE A GREAT TICKLER.




... SOURCES ALSO INDICATE THAT SINCE TONIGHT'S MURDERS, OVER A DOZEN OF NEW YORK'S MOST POWERFUL MEN HAVE ASKED FOR POLICE PROTECTION. ALL OF THESE MEN HAVE 'ALLEGED' CONNECTIONS TO CRIMINAL AFFAIRS.

ON A MORE POSITIVE NOTE, **WANDA BLAKE**, WIDOW OF **LT. COL. AL SIMMONS**, HELPED OPEN ANOTHER CARE CLINIC FOR DISABLED CHILDREN.

MONEY GENERATED BY HER LATE HUSBAND'S MEMORIAL FUND HELPED FINISH THE CENTER, WHICH HAD BEEN ON HOLD. THE CURRENT RECESSION IS BLAMED.

THIS IS THE THIRD SUCH PROJECT THAT Ms. BLAKE HAS BEEN INVOLVED WITH.



I'M HOPING THESE NEW POWERS
CAN HELP ME FIND MY WIFE.

WHY'D I EVEN GET
THESE POWERS? ALL
I WANTED WAS TO
SEE HER.

TO HOLD
MY WIFE.

HA! JOKE'S ON
ME. WHY WOULD
SHE WANT TO
HOLD ME WHEN I
LOOK LIKE A
ROTTING CORPSE?

DON'T
EVEN
KNOW IF
I'M ALIVE,
MUCH
LESS A
MAN.

THINGS
MADE
MORE
SENSE
WHEN
I WAS
DEAD.

DAMN
HIM.



FUNNY--

--GUESS I
BEAT HIM
TO IT.

WELL,
LET'S SEE EXACTLY
WHAT THESE FRIGGIN'
POWERS CAN DO.
SEE IF THEY CAN
MAKE ME WHOLE
AGAIN.



9:9:9:5



MAN!
WHAT A
JOLT!

FEEL GOOD
THOUGH. STRONG.
ALMOST AFRAID TO
LOOK, BUT...



OH

MY

GOD.

NO!!

JEEZ,
NO.

**COME
ON!!**

WORK!!

NOT
AGAIN.

THIS
CAN'T
BE.

I'M A
**BLACK
MAN!**



WORLD'S GONE CRAZY, TWITCH.

CHIEF'S BEEN ON MY BUTT ALL NIGHT. FIGURES WE AIN'T MOVING FAST ENOUGH.

HOW'S HE EXPECT US TO DO FIVE REPORTS TONIGHT.

SIX, SIR.

STUPID REPORTERS GOT EVERYONE IN A PANIC. SURE AIN'T MAKIN' MY JOB EASIER.

NO ONE SAID THEY WOULD, SIR.



JUST ONCE I'D LIKE TO SPEND A QUIET NIGHT AT THE OFFICE. NO REPORTS. NO PHONES RINGING. NO WORRIES. NO NOTHIN'.

THEN YOU'D BE DEAD.

DON'T I WISH.



WHAT KIND OF JOLLIES DO THEY GET OUTTA DESCRIBING HOW DEEP THE HEART HAS BEEN SHOVED DOWN A GUY'S THROAT.

DON'T NOBODY WANNA HEAR ABOUT DOC GOODEN'S SHOULDER ANY-MORE.

PLUS, WE STILL GOT THAT PROBLEM OF SOME COSTUME FREAK HIDING IN ALLEYWAYS.

CAN YOU IMAGINE. A HERO THAT AIN'T RICH. WHAT'S THE WORLD COMING TO.

DUNNO, SIR.



WELL, ME NEITHER. EXCEPT WE GET PAID TO FIND ANSWERS. THAT MEANS NOT SLEEPING OR EATING FOR THREE OR FOUR DAYS. WHO ARE WE TO QUESTION, RIGHT?

BY THE WAY, SIR.

YEAH?

HOW IS GOODEN'S SHOULDER THESE DAYS?

TWITCH.

YES, SIR.

SHUDDUP!



RELAX,
GINO.

YOU'RE
BAD, AND
I ADMIRE
THAT.



UNFORTUNATELY,
I NEED YOU
TO HELP ME.

HERE'S
THE **DEAL**.
YOU LEND ME
A SMALL PIECE
OF YOUR
ANATOMY,
AND I LET
YOUR SOUL GET
TORTURED
FOREVER.

SO...
GUESS
WHAT'S
NEXT?

JESUS
!

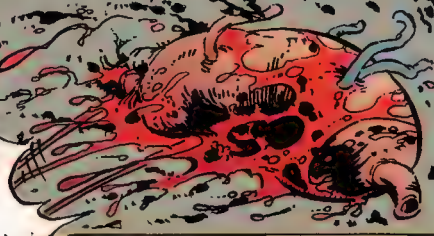
JESUS
!

JESUS
!

JESUS
!

JESUS
!

BAD
GUESS!



I WON'T
STAY LIKE
THIS. NOT
WHITE.

SOMEONE'S
PLAYING A BAD
JOKE. SCREWING
WITH MY
MIND.

WHY?!
DAMN
YOU!

WHAT DID
I DO TO
DESERVE THIS?!
I JUST WANTED
TO SEE MY WIFE!
NOW SHE WON'T
EVEN KNOW WHO I
AM! IF THIS IS
SOME KIND OF
WAR...

GOD.

AM I
GOING
CRAZY
?!

...THEN COME
GET ME!

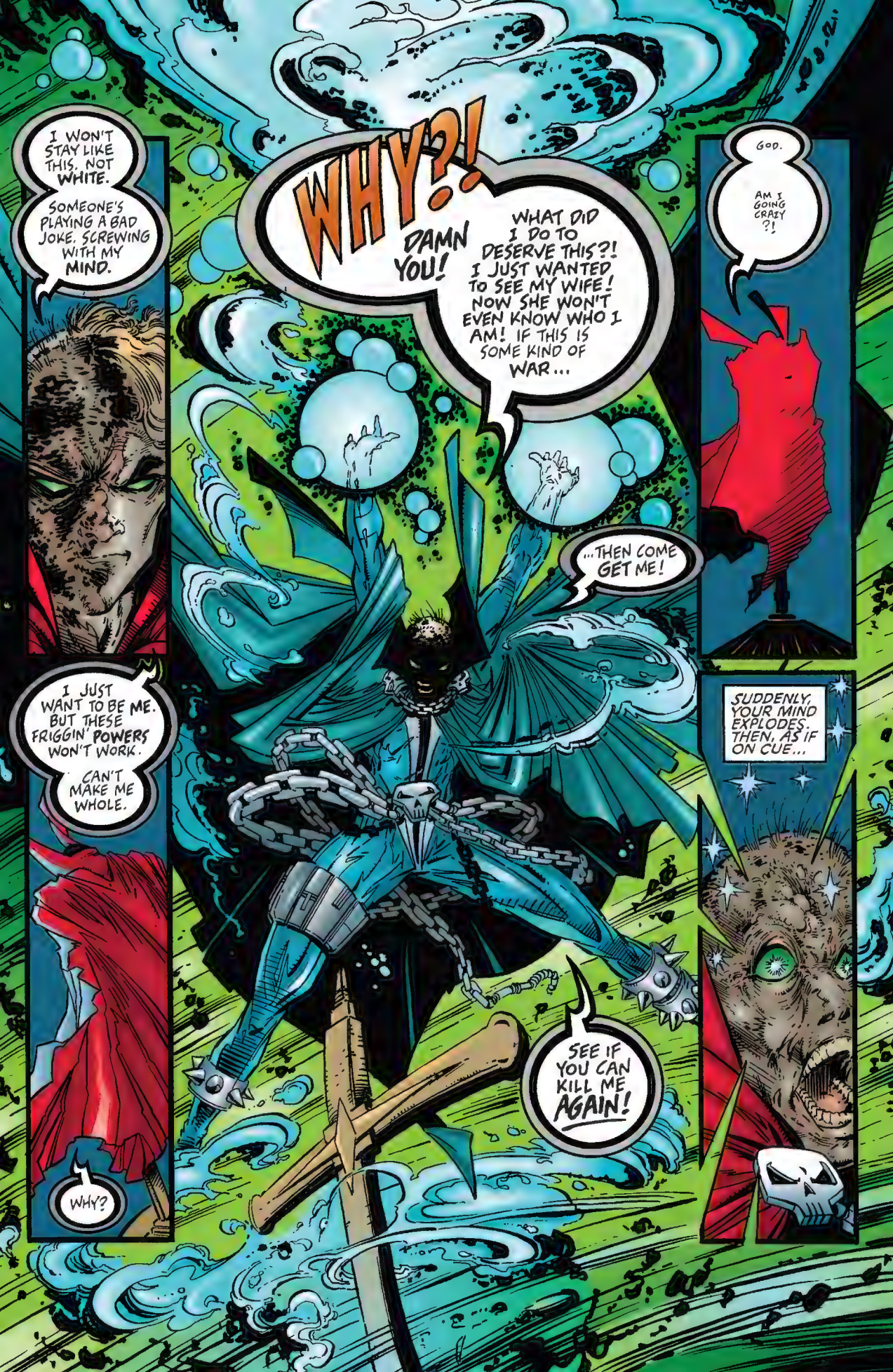
I JUST
WANT TO BE ME.
BUT THESE
FRIGGIN' POWERS
WON'T WORK.

CAN'T
MAKE ME
WHOLE.

SUDDENLY,
YOUR MIND
EXPLODES.
THEN, AS IF
ON CUE...

SEE IF
YOU CAN
KILL ME
AGAIN!

WHY?



ANOTHER FLASHBACK.
ANOTHER CLUE.

JASON WYNN.
HE WAS YOUR BOSS...
THE ONE THE
PRESIDENT SAID
WOULD TAKE CARE OF
YOU. BE YOUR MENTOR.

HE TAUGHT YOU,
ALRIGHT. TAUGHT
YOU HOW TO FIGHT.
HOW TO KILL.
HOW TO OBEY.

FOR A TIME YOU WERE
LIKE BROTHERS. BUT
ALL SIBLINGS EVEN-
TUALLY LOCK HORNS.

THE FIGHTS BECAME MORE
FREQUENT - THE INTENSITY
MUCH HIGHER. YOU SMELLED
COVER-UP TOO MANY TIMES.

LIBERTIES WERE BEING
TAKEN, RULES BROKEN,
ALL IN THE NAME OF
DEMOCRACY. FREEDOM.
BUT THE PRICE PAID WAS
OBSCENE: INNOCENT
PEOPLE WHOSE CHOICES
WERE TAKEN AWAY...

...WHOSE OPTIONS
HAD BEEN TAKEN
FROM THEM.

AMERICA HAD BECOME A BULLY, OR SO
YOUR CLOUDED MIND WAS CONVINCED.
ONLY ONE THOUGHT MADE YOU ANGRIER:

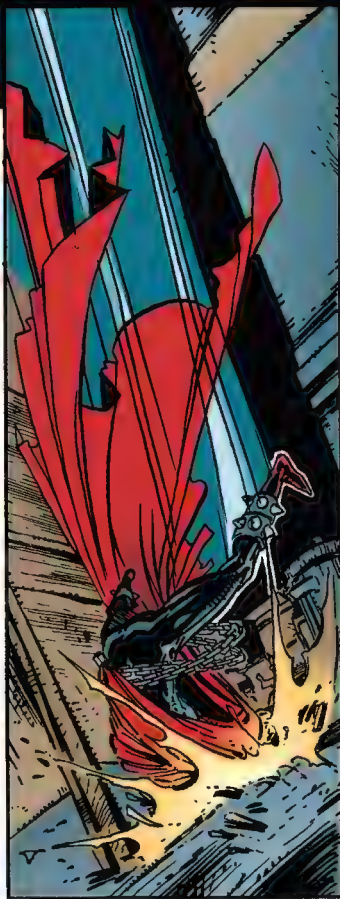
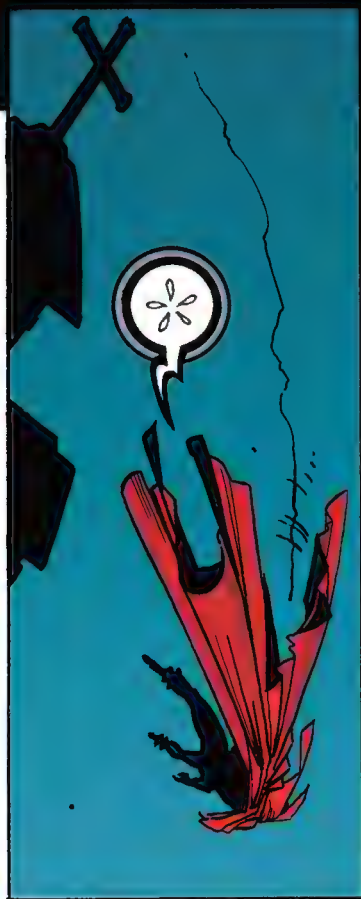
...THAT HE
DIDN'T CARE.



EVEN WORSE, HE SEEMED TO REVEL
IN THE PAIN HE CAUSED OTHERS.
AS THE DAYS WENT BY, YOU COULD
SEE IT IN HIS EYES.

JASON HAD
BECOME
TRULY EVIL.

CAIN AND ABEL HAD
NOTHING ON YOU TWO.



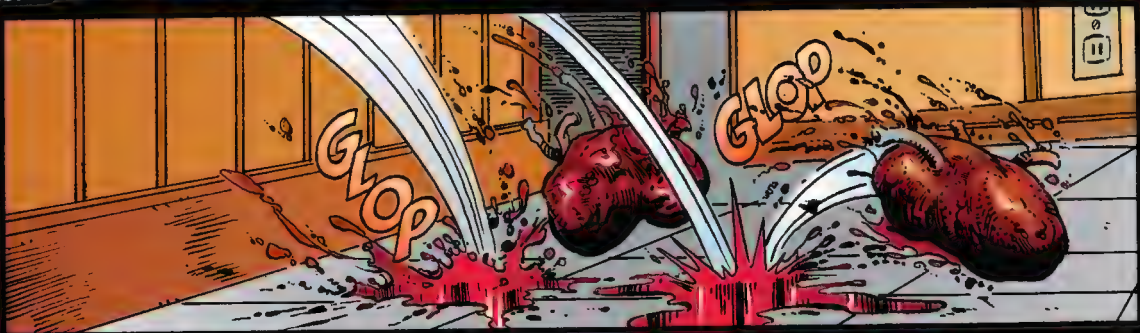
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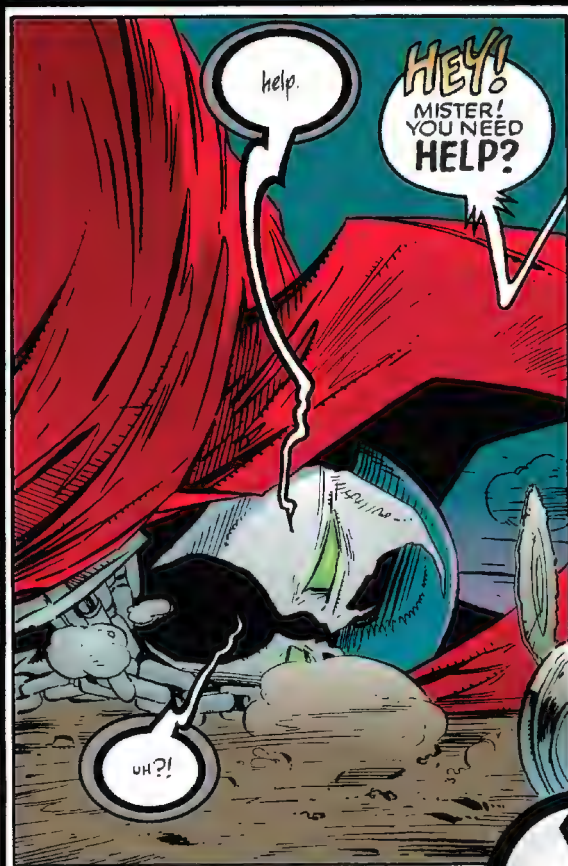
No!
No!
AAAAAA*

WHAT'D'YA
DO TO HIM?!
STAY AWAY
FROM ME--
I SAID--
NOOOOO!

YES.



THIS IS
GETTING
BORING.





I DO
GET IT. SO HOW
DO YOU KNOW
ABOUT
ME?

Do
YOU KNOW
WHERE
MY WIFE
IS?!

NEVER
SEEN
THE
CHICK!

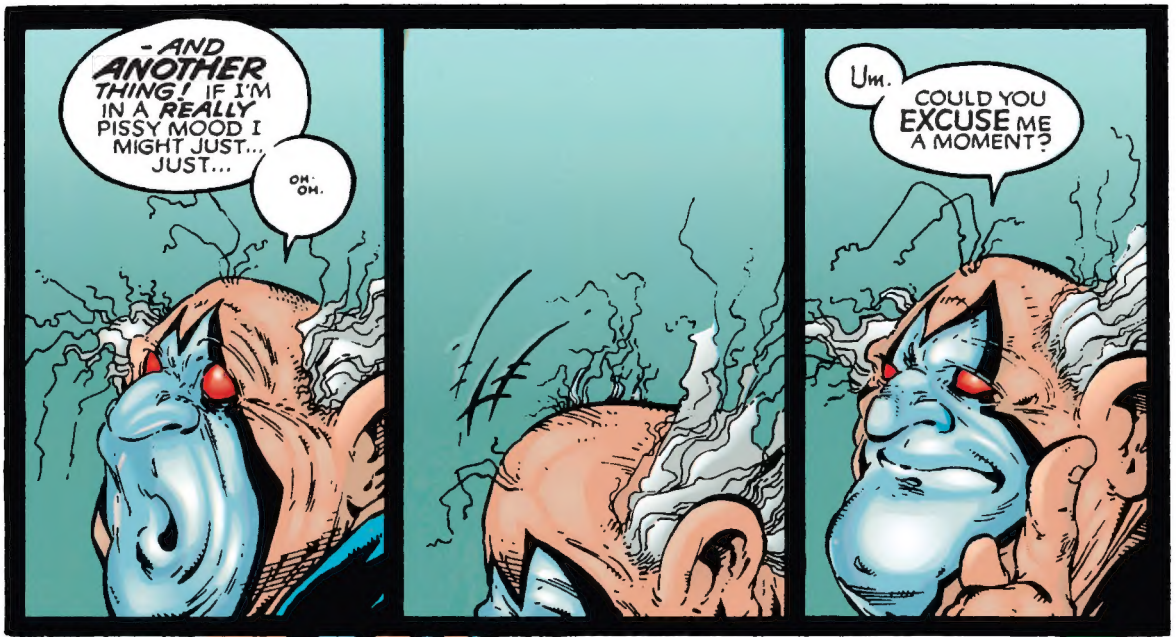
AND STOP
USING THAT
G-WORD.
-HURTS
MY EARS.

SINCE
MY COVER'S
BEEN BLOWN,
LET ME TELL
YOU WHY I'M
HERE.

WHETHER
YOU BELIEVE IT
OR NOT, I COULD BEAT
YOU SILLY WITH ONE HAND
BEHIND MY BACK. OR I COULD
RIP THE **TOENAILS** FROM
YOUR FEET AND SEVER THE
TENDONS IN YOUR
CALVES.

AND
ANOTHER THING,
MR. BIG SHOT, I COULD
RIP YOUR SPINE OUT AND USE IT
LIKE A WHIP! -AND I COULD
SNAP YOUR BONES LIKE THE
BRITTLE CHUNKS THAT THEY ARE!
-AND I COULD **TEAR YOUR**
HEAD OFF AND USE IT FOR
A BASKETBALL!
-AND I COULD CUT YOU UP
INTO BITE-SIZE PIECES
AND MAIL YOU ACROSS
FIFTY ZIP CODES!

ARE
YA
SCARED
YET?





...HAVE A
HEART!

NEXT ISSUE:
SPAWN vs.
the TRUE
VIOLATOR!





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE